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Horseless vehicles are an accomplished fact. They are now being drawn by dogs and reindeer in the Klondike.

And now comes a scientist who asserts that the human system is full of microbes and that one is healthy just so long as one's microbes are in good health. If that's the case, it clearly is a mistake to wage war on these little fellows; better treat them well.

Weyer has left Cuba, but the memory of his monstrous cruelty will never disappear from that unhappy island, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. He goes back to Spain red-headed with the blood of his helpless victims, with his honor besmirched, his name reeking with infamy and his reputation as a soldier forever lost. His departure is like the vanishing of a hideous pestilence.

There are over 450,000 miles of railway in operation in the world, and, according to Robert P. Porter, the century will close with over 500,000. Of the present number, just about one-half are in this country. The cost of railroads all over the world, thus far, has been \$36,685,000,000, and it is estimated that the street railways cost \$2,500,000,000. The railroads employ about 5,000,000 people. These are big figures, but the railroads represent a vast interest in the world's wealth.

Ordinarily people in Canada do not take sufficient interest in their politics or politicians to want to kill any of the latter. Since Thomas D'Arcy McGee was assassinated, about thirty years ago, nobody appears to have cared enough about any Canadian statesman to expend any powder on him, Premier Sir Wilfrid Laurier, therefore, who has just been fired at, ought to feel complimented. "Happy man," exclaimed old Dr. Arbutnot to a patient dying with a peculiar malady, "you have revived a disease which has been dead six centuries."

In the opinion of the Philadelphia Press expert testimony of all sorts in our courts has become disgraceful. The law in many States has now recognized the necessity of paying more than the ordinary witness fees to experts, so that there is a pecuniary recognition of its value. The three experts in the Barberi trial in New York received from the county \$7250. The fees given experts yearly in any one of our large cities would probably pay twice over the annual salary of permanent experts, but at present there is nothing permanent about an expert but his fee.

In his recent address before the English Church Congress, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave some advice to workmen, speaking as a workman himself. He had been left fatherless, he said, at the age of thirteen, and had been obliged to earn his own living since he was seventeen. He had known what it was to do without a fire, because he could not afford it, and to wear patched clothes and boots. He learned to plow as straight as furrow as any man in the parish, and he could thrash as well as any man. If, he added, the workman would practice self-restraint, would never waste his wages in drink, but find happiness in the love of home and family, he would find little of the burdens of life or of the inequality which was inevitable.

A French statistician has recently drawn up a very interesting document showing in what time certain frontier towns at various periods could be reached from Paris. For convenient purposes the statistician has chosen the years 1650, 1782, 1834, 1854 and 1897. In 1650 it took five days to go from Paris to Calais. One hundred and thirty-seven years later, 1782, the duration of the journey had been reduced to sixty hours. In 1834 it had fallen to twenty-eight hours, and in 1854 to six hours and forty minutes. To-day one of the boat expresses takes three hours and forty-two minutes. The journey to Strasburg took 218 hours in 1650, 108 hours in 1782, ten hours and forty minutes in 1854, and to-day a matter of eight hours and twenty minutes. The difference for Marseilles is still more phenomenal. From fifteen days in 1650 the duration of the journey was reduced to eighty hours in 1834, and to-day it takes twelve and a half hours. The distance from Paris to Bayonne two centuries ago took 388 hours; to-day it occupies eleven hours and eleven minutes. Brest can be reached in thirteen hours and thirty-seven minutes, while in 1650 it took 270 hours. Finally for Havre, ninety-seven hours was considered quick traveling in 1650. It took fifteen hours in 1782 and seven hours in 1834. To-day it is a matter of three hours and fifteen minutes.

DO NOT BORROW TROUBLE.

Only a day at a time. There may never be a to-morrow. Only a day at a time, and that we can live. We know the trouble we cannot bear is only the trouble we borrow. And the trials that never come are the ones that fret us so. Only a step at a time. It may be the angelic bend or so. To bear us above the stones that would our feet be the way. The step that is hardest of all is not the one just before us. And the path we tread the most may be smoothed another day.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.



HEY had been in six room flats and nine room houses, up stairs and down, through block after block of buildings in all the streets, in all the heat of an early spring day; so, when her aunt stopped in front of another office, Sara gave a little gasp of despair before resigning herself to the inevitable. That it was inevitable she well knew, for Aunt Jane never did anything by halves, and when she was house hunting, allowed no real estate signs to escape her watchful eye.

As they went in, a gray haired man came forward to meet them with the businesslike air of courtesy that Sara had come to consider more provoking than rudeness. A young man at a desk in the corner glanced up indifferently, but continued to look, with a strange expression on his face. As a saw him, and conscious that her cheeks were reddening, turned abruptly about to examine the cards on the bulletin board. That one quick glance had brought back the scenes of the pleasant summer Sara had ever known—the summer when Alan Slocum had spoiled it all by quarreling with her.

How could she ever have been so careless as not to notice the sign over the door? He was probably thinking at that very moment that her appearance there was a matter of her own conceiving. What a long, tiresome talk her aunt was having with the senior partner! Sara could catch bits of sentences here and there, about furnaces, calcimine, and hardwood, so she knew they had gone from the abstract to the concrete. By the time she had read the list of houses and flats four times over, the agent turned from her aunt to the young man, and Sara's heart sank as she heard his words.

"If you have nothing else on hand, Al," he said, "I wish you'd take these ladies over to the Kimbark Avenue house for me. I've got to wait for Brooks."

The young man bowed, and, picking up his hat, followed them out of the office. He ignored Sara almost completely, and, walking by her aunt, began to speak of the desirable qualities of Woodlawn.

"It is very pretty here," said Aunt Jane. "I had almost despaired of finding a house in so popular a locality when my niece discovered your sign."

"I didn't discover it," said Sara rather hastily. "You spoke of the office."

"Well, what difference does it make? So much more credit to me," her aunt said easily. "My sister broke her leg at the last minute, and I am doing her house hunting for her," she added, turning to the young man at her side.

Alan Slocum smiled sympathetically. "It is extremely wearing work," he said pleasantly. "From what part of the city did you come, Mrs. —?"

"Mrs. Harris," replied Aunt Jane. "From the far north side, and it's going to cost a small fortune to get them moved down here, too."

"It was something of a relief to get to the house at last."

"Hard work in both rooms, you notice, Sara," her aunt was saying. "Gas grate, bay window, side porch—let's see the pantry. That turn in the stairs will make a good place for the clock," she went on, as she started on a tour of inspection of the second floor. "Five bed rooms. Which will you have, Sara?"

"The second, I suppose," said Sara somewhat listlessly. "Mother'll have the front."

"There's a pretty little balcony outside of your window, you see," said Aunt Jane.

"Yes," said Sara slowly. "A cordial invitation to strolling burglars."

"I declare, you're the most provoking girl I ever saw," her aunt said wearily. "After I've come all the way from Edgewater to select a house for you, you might, at least, take a little interest in the one I select."

"I do, Aunt Jane," said Sara, trying to speak lightly. "I'm just tired, I suppose."

"Well, you hurry along and buy the tickets for home," said Aunt Jane, reluctantly, "and I'll go over to the office with Mr. —"

that had sent him back to the city so soon. Finally, the sun shone upon the world again—weakly, to be sure, but still with enough strength to dry up some of the puddles on the front steps, though it failed to bring into Sara's eyes the light that formerly lurked there. Like the little girl, Sara had discovered that her doll was stuffed with sawdust, and with the egoism of a pessimist she imagined it was the only one ever fashioned in that wise.

On the first bright day Mr. Maitland came home early to take his wife for a drive, and Sara, declining to join them, welcomed an opportunity to be miserable by herself. She wandered about the house listlessly for a time, and then, sitting at her piano, she wailed out all the sentimental ballads in her collection, until she came to one that Alan had spoiled for her by his theatrical rendition of it in his times of hilarity. She started it, but, remembering his emotional stagger as he sang "I go where honor calls me," she gave it up, and, bringing both hands down on the keys with a bang, cried, "Oh, dear!" in a mournful, homesick wail that betokened the nearness of tears. Then, hearing a slight noise behind her, she abruptly wheeled about on the piano stool and faced Alan Slocum, with the quick color flaming in her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and Sara fancied he was trying not to laugh. "The maid evidently thought you saw me."

"Sara rose. "My father is not at home," she said distantly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"At what will Mr. Maitland return?" Alan asked, looking at his watch.

"Possibly not for two hours," Sara replied recklessly. "Will you come in and wait?"

Alan raised his eyebrows. "I think not," he said, quietly. "It is half past five now. I will leave the lease with you, if you will be kind enough to give it to your father when he returns."

"Certainly, as soon as he comes in," Sara took the formidable-looking document and bowed him out with a cold "Good evening, Mr. Jarvis," that froze poor Alan's boyish spirits. Whatever he had intended to say was left unsaid, and he strode away with a swinging step and his head held high in the air. If he had looked around and seen the miserable face watching him from behind the curtain, he would have come back; but he didn't.

There were many errands to be done in town that week, so Sara undertook them one bright morning, in a frenzied desire to be doing something rather than to be longer in lonely illness. The express had gone when she reached the station, so she leisurely mounted the "local" stairs and strolled along the platform, looking into the cars for one where she could be undisturbed for the next hour. The car next the smoker held a gay party of young people intent on an excursion, and their laughter so jarred on Sara's loneliness that she quickened her steps to the second car. Here the prospect was pleasant, with the exception of three children racing up and down the aisle, so Sara passed on to the last car, which she virtually had to herself. Across the aisle was a benevolent-looking old gentleman, and in a side seat a man was so busily reading a newspaper that she could see nothing of him save eight fingers and two long legs.

The train started up by the time Sara had read over her shopping list and calculated her expenses, so she put the list in her purse again, and looked up to find that the young man had folded up his paper and was looking at her with the familiar, quizzical smile of Alan Slocum. She looked out of the window, but the quick color flamed into her cheeks, and she wished she had not come. Her attention was apparently riveted on the scene before her, but she was fully aware that Alan had come across to take the seat facing her, before he spoke.

"Good morning," he said genially. "The sun is a pleasant sight again, isn't it?"

Sara was proud of her presence of mind as she turned toward him with a chilly "You have the advantage of me, sir."

Alan cocked his head on one side. "Yes," he said, no whit disconcerted, "in being able to sit opposite you."

The benevolent old gentleman half rose, and Sara, in a panic, discovered that he was intending to champion her cause.

"Why, you're Mr. Jarvis, to be sure," she said rather hastily. "The ceiling of the back room leaks."

The old gentleman sat down again. "Would you like to have me come and look at it?" Alan asked soberly.

"It does worlds of good to have the agent come and look at a leak for a half hour or so every day."

Sara bit her lip and said nothing. "Or perhaps you'd rather I'd hire a substitute," said Alan, "and stand across the street until he comes back—without the leak?"

"Send a sensible man to mend the roof," said Sara sharply, "and it's all I'll ask—of you."

"I have fibbed, hyperbolized, and everlastingly perjured myself to get you into Woodlawn," said Alan tragically, "and this is my reward."

Sara refused to smile. "I shall be obliged to you if you will take your old seat," she said coldly, "and that is all."

Alan's face fell. "I don't know how you feel about it, Sara," he replied in a grave, tired voice, "but I'm heartily sick of this confounded stranger business, and I want to be—friends again. Don't you?"

"I said strangers, and it's going to be strangers," said Sara, with strange stubbornness, shrugging her shoulders indifferently.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Misplaced Stint—When It Ruled—An Impossible Combination—Murdere the Queen's Own—The Old, Old Delusion—Challenged a Generalization, Etc. I to the florist one day went And ordered quite a lot of roses And to my love I had them sent With verses like a swain composed. Her cheek was to the rose compared (I'm quite a clever fellow) But none of this the florist knew—The rose he sent was yellow. —The Cornish Widow.

When It Is Rude. "What is a rude awakening, pa?" "Well, it is an awakening before 8 o'clock in the morning." —Chicago Record.

Murdere the Queen's Own. He—"My friend is opposed to everything English." She—"Yes, I noticed that in his conversation."

Challenged a Generalization. "The child," said the shoe clerk boarder, "is father to the man." "Oh, not always," said the Cheerful Idiot. "Sometimes it is a girl." —Indianapolis Journal.

An Impossible Combination. "Dauter can't be much of an artist." "Why?" "He seems to be a good business man." —Cleveland Leader.

His Method. Mr. Younglove—"What do you do when your baby gets sick at night?" Mr. Oldpop—"I generally lie still and wait to see if my wife isn't going to get up and attend to it." —Chicago News.

Sisterly Affection. He—"Do you know, what I like about your sister is the way she looks you straight in the face when she's talking to you." She—"Yes, she has an awfully bad profile."

Procrastination That Profited. "She saved the whole family from drowning once." "Indeed! She must be an Amazon." "Oh, no; she simply dressed so slowly that they all missed the boat!" —Chicago Record.

Physiological. Instructor—"What is it that gives to the blood its bright red color?" Little Miss Thavvoo—"I know. It's the corpulence. But ours ain't red. They're blue. mamma says so." —Chicago Tribune.

The Old, Old Delusion. "Darling," he whispered, "it costs no more to keep two bicycles in repair than one." Love is eternal; its allusions, even, are mutable only in respect of their terms. —Detroit Journal.

A Wall From the Menagerie. "It's hard," said the menagerie lion. "What's hard?" asked the kangaroo. "To be starved when I'm alive, and stuffed when I'm dead." —Pick Me Up.

Hard to Reconcile. Crimsoneak—"You have heard the trembling voice of the blushing bride at Symon's altar?" "Yes, yes!" "You?" "Oh, yes!" "Well, isn't it difficult to associate it with the one you hear in the airshaft calling to her husband to bring up the coal?"

Conventions of the Languages. The Count—"I have been told, madame, your daughter had ze bad temper." The Mamma—"Ah, yes, count, but you know she loses her temper so easily." The Count—"Ah, how lovely!" —Detroit Journal.

When She Throws. "I wish you would get your wife to throw her influence for me," said the woman who was running for office in the Woman's Club. "I'm sure it would have some effect."

The Important Point. "We are willing," said the practical politician, "to trust to the intelligence and honesty of the average American citizen." "Yes," replied Farmer Corntassel, "but that ain't the question. What the average American citizen wants to know is whose intelligence and honor he is going to trust in." —Washington Star.

Regret. "Did your railway make money?" "No," replied the promoter; "we wouldn't let well enough alone." "There was a chance of its being profitable, then?" "Yes; but we weren't satisfied with selling stock. We had to go ahead and try to build the road." —Washington Star.

A Safe Guess. "How old would you guess her to be?" "Oh, about twenty-five would be a safe guess." "She's surely older than that?" "I said twenty-five would be a safe guess. It is always safer to under-guess a woman's age. She may hear of it." —Indianapolis Journal.

Selling State Domains. The State domain of France, valued at \$700,000,000, and consisting of palaces, public buildings, forests, etc., is in great measure unproductive, and it is proposed to sell \$50,000,000 worth of it and put the money into the navy.

ON DEPOSIT.

I cherished love for many years And hoarded it with care; I guarded it with miser's fears Nor chanced it anywhere: But now with all I gladly part And risk it all in Anna's heart.

My savings-bank is Anna's heart And Obedience is the key; A credit there I late did start Nor defalcation fear: For I alone have credit there And guard the door with loving care.

There daily do I bring more love To swell the goodly account; Until the whole has grown above A fabulous amount. And, most unheeded per cent. of息, My Anna pays each day a kiss! —Ellis Parker Butler, in Life.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I'll bet that man lives in a flat." "What makes you think so?" "His dog's tail is cut off." —Judge.

Miss Bostonia—"Yes, I'm always carried away when I hear Browning read." Miss Flirtier—"Don't you want me to read aloud a little?" —Judge.

Enthusiastic Cyclist (just after a century run)—"I tell you what, if I had to give up either I'd rather give up my wheel than my euclyometer." —Judge.

"Every woman, according to the story she tells to her second husband, was forced into her first marriage by the wishes of her parents." —Athenian Globe.

Mrs. Potter—"If you don't get out of here, I'll call the dog." Dismal Dawson—"I don't call dog. I call a Klondiker." —Indianapolis Journal.

He—"Women are not as considerate of men as men are of women." She—"Well, men are not worth considering as much as women." —Indianapolis Journal.

He—"Do you fellows call that mountain 'Cattish Hill'?" asked the tourist. "Because," said Pieface Bill, "it can't be scaled." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Little Clarence (his fourteenth question)—"Pa, what is genius?" Mr. Clappers (wearily)—"Making other people furnish the money to carry out your own ideas." —Pack.

"I have half a mind to get married," said the Lonely Man. "It takes," said the Savage Bachelor, "just about that amount of mind to think of such a thing." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Allice—"What is that queer-looking picture on your stand?" Ada—"That is a composite picture of the man I promised to love forever at the seashore last summer." —Philadelphia North American.

Seedy Caller—"Is Mr. Specie in?" Office Boy—"No, he ain't in, and he won't be back for a month; but if yer wanted anything of him I can refuse it ter yer jest as well as him, and save your callin' agin." —Boston Globe.

Lady (engaging servant)—"I ought to tell you that we are all strict teetotalers here. I suppose you won't mind that?" Mary Jane—"Oh, no, marm, I've been in reformed drunkard's family before." —Punch.

Wife—"The tailor said he couldn't make the gown for less than \$225, so I told him to go ahead." Husband—"Why in the world didn't you consult me first?" "I didn't want to spend the carfare for two visits, dear." —Life.

Little Petie—"Will it make much noise, Mr. Constant?" Mr. Constant—"What, my boy?" Petie—"Sister said she thought you would pop to-night, and I was wondering if it could be heard upstairs." —Philadelphia North American.

William Walker—"Yes, mmm; I hate to travel through de country, an' find de farmers so hard up. It makes me really sick at heart." Mrs. Backdoor—"Why, what do they seem hard for?" William Walker—"For help, mmm." —Pack.

"Mamma," said little Freddy, excitedly, "the ferryboat we were on almost ran into another ferryboat while crossing the river." "Did it?" asked mamma anxiously. "Yes, indeed, I'm sure there would have been a collision if the other boat hadn't backed-pedaled." —Harper's Bazar.

Tips Stood in the Way. In old times to dine with a nobleman cost more in tips to the servants than a club dinner. James Paya relates that Lord Poor, a well-named Irish peer, excited himself from dining with the Duke of Ormond upon the ground that he could not afford it. "If you will give me the gain I have to pay your cook (fancy) I will come as often as you choose to ask me," which was accordingly done. The Duke, however, had not the pluck to stop the practice.

Lord Taaf, a general officer in the Austrian service, did what he could. He always attended his guests to the door; when they put their hands into their pockets, he said: "No, if you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who paid for your dinner." To Sir Timothy Wadso must be given the credit of putting an end to the monstrous practice. After a dinner with the Duke of Newcastle he put a crown into the cook's hand—it was rejected. "I do not take silver, sir," "Very good, and I do not give gold." This courageous rejoinder "caught on," and the day of vails to cooks was over. San Francisco Argonaut.

Fall of an Aerolite. At Delhi, N. Y., an aerolite recently fell as a ball of fire and penetrated the earth six feet. Steam poured from the hole in volumes. The aerolite is in the shape of a ball. It weighs two pounds and fourteen ounces and measures a foot and three inches in circumference. It is composed of white and yellow stones, varying in size. All the stones are square, with a smooth surface, and as clearly cut as if made by workmen. They are of various colors and resemble diamonds.